

# The Hollow \* Of Her Hand George Barr McCutcheon COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY GEORGE BARR MSCUTCHEON: COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY DOED, MEAD & COMPANY



SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrandall is found murdered in a road house near New York, Mrs. Wrandall is summened from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrandall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Mrs. Wrandall starts back for New York in an auto during a bilinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrandall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow. Mrs. Wrandall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrandall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrandall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl over to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy. Sara Wrandall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Leslie Wrandall, brother of Challis, becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie's infatuation possibility for revenue on the Wrandalls and reparation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrandall by marrying his murderess into the family. Lelle, in company with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her country place. Leslie confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty. Sara seen Hetty before. Looking through a portfollo of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. Booth has a haunting feeling that he has seen Hetty before. Looking through a portfollo of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. Booth has a haunting feeling that he has seen Hetty before. Looking through a portfollo of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. Booth has a haunting feeling that he has seen Hetty admits to Sara that she loves Booth. Sara declares that Hetty must marry Leslie, who must he node to pay his brother's debt to the girl. Hetty again attempts to tell the real story of the tragedy and Sara t

CHAPTER XIII .- Continued. Leslie did not turn up at his father's place in the High street that night until Booth was safely out of the way. He spent a dismal evening at the boat

His father and mother were in the library when he came home at halfpast ten. From a dark corner of the garden he had witnessed Booth's early departure. Vivian had gone down to the gate in the low-lying hedge with her visitor. She came in a moment after Leslie's entrance.

"Hello, Les," she said, bending an inquiring eye upon him. "Isn't this early for you?" Her brother was standing near the

fireplace. "There's a heavy dew falling, Ma-

ter," he said gruffly. "Shan't I touch a match to the kindling?" His mother came over to him quick-

ly, and laid her hand on his arm. 'Your coat is damp," she said anx-"Yes, light the fire."

"It's very warm in this room," said Weandall looking up fro book. They were always doing some-

thing for Leslie's comfort. No one seemed to notice him. Leslie knelt and struck a match. 'Well?" said Vivian,

"Well what?" he demanded without looking up.

His sister took a moment for thought. "Is Hetty coming to stay with us in

He stood erect, first rubbing his knee to dislodge the dust-then his palms.

"No, she isn't coming," he said. He drew a very long breath—the first in several hours-and then expelled it vocally. "She has refused to marry

Mr. Wrandall turned a leaf in his book: it sounded like the crack of doom, so still had the room become.

Vivian had the forethought to push a chair toward her mother. It was a most timely act on her part, for Mrs. Wrandall sat down very abruptly and very limply.

what?" gasped Leslie's mother

"Turned me down-cold," said Les lie briefly.

Mr. Wrandall laid his book on the table without thinking to put the bookmark in place. Then he arose and removed his glasses, fumbling for the

"She-she-what?" he demanded,

"Sacked me," replied his son. "Please do not jest with me, Leslie," said his mother, trying to smile. "He isn't joking, mother," said Vivian, with a shrug of her fine shoulders "He-he must be," cried Mrs. Wrandall impatiently. "What did she really

Bay, Leslie?" The only thing I remember was "goodby," " said he, and then blew his

fore she spoke. nose violently. "Poor old Les!" said Vivian, with

real feeling. "It was Sara Gooch's doing!" exclaimed Mrs. Wrandall, getting her

"Nonsense," said Mr. Wrandall, picking up his book once more and turning to the place where the bookmark lay, after which he proceeded to finality. re-read four or five pages before dis-

breath at last.

covering his error. No one spoke for a matter of five minutes or more. Then Mrs. Wran- declared steadily. dall got up, went over to the library table and closed with a snap the bulky blue book with the limp leather cover, saying as she held it up to let him see that it was the privately printed history of the Murgatroyd family:

"It came by post this evening from Lendon, She is merely a fourth cousin, my son.

He looked up with a gleam of inerest in his eye.

CHAPTER XIV.

Crossing the Channel.

Booth, restless with a vague uneasiness that had come over him during the night, keeping him awake until nearly dawn, was hard put during the early hours of the forenoon to find occupation for his interest until a in peace." seasonable time arrived for appearing at Southlook. He was unable to account for this feeling of uncertainty and irritation.

At nine he set out to walk over to Southlook, realizing that he should find her," she said, frowning, "If you have to spend an hour in profitless insist on pursuing her." gossip with the lodge keeper before presenting himself at the villa, but even so he would be nearer to Hetty than if he remained in his own door- your word as final?" yard.

Half-way there we was overtaken by Sara's big French machine returning from the village. The car came to a standstill as he stepped aside to let it pass, and Sara herself leaned over and cordially invited him to get in and ride home with her.

"What an early bird you are," he exclaimed as he took his seat beside her.

She was not in a mood for airy persiffage, as he soon discovered.

"Miss Castleton has gone up to thirty.'

other than temporary. "She is not coming back, Brandon."

She had not addressed him as Brandon before. He stared. "You-you mean-" The

words died on his lips. "She is not coming back," she re-

peated. An accusing gleam leaped into his

"What has happened, Mrs. Wrandall?" he asked. She was quick to perceive the

change in his voice and manner. "She prefers to live apart from me. That is all."

When was this decision reached?" in from her walk with you." "Do-do you mean to imply that

that had anything to do with her leava flush on his cheek.

"It was the beginning."

her to task-"I notified her that she was to marry

at all," she said in a perfectly level argued, and she had prevailed in the "Good Lord, Mrs. Wrandall!"

"But she is not going to marry Les-

"I know it-I knew it vesterday," he cried triumphantly. "She loves me, Sara. Didn't she say as much to

"Yes, Brandon, she loves you. But she will not be your wife."

"What is all this mystery? Why to prevent?" She regarded him with dark,



"She-What?" Gasped Leslie's Mother. table eyes. Many seconds passed be-

"Would you want her for your wife if you knew she had belonged to another man?" He turned very cold. The palms of

Something dark seemed to flit before his eyes. "I will not believe that of her," he

said, shaking his head with an air of "That is not an answer to my ques

"Yes, I would still want her," he "I merely meant to put you to the harshest test," she said, and there was relief in her voice. "She is a good girl, she is pure. I asked my question because until yesterday I had reason to doubt her."

those honest, guiltless eyes of-" her to become your wife, and that I other sin. For fifteen months you be equally hard to bear, cannot, will not do." "Is it fair to me?"

and that is why I must remain silent." "Before God, I shall know the truth from her, if not from you-and-" to her, you will let her go her way

He was struck by the somewhat sinister earnestness of her words.

"Tell me where I may find her," he said, setting his jaw. "It will not be difficult for you to

"You drive her away from your house, Sara Wrandall, and yet you exsomehow relishing the thought that pect me to believe that your motives are friendly. Why should I accept

> "I did not drive her away, nor did ask her to stay."

> He stared hard at her "Good Lord, what is the meaning of all this?" he cried in perplexity? What am I to understand?"

> The car had come to a stop under the porte cochere. She laid her hand on his arm.

"If you will come in with me, Brandon, I will try to make things clear to you.

He left in half an hour, walking rapidly down the drive, his coat buttoned town, Mr. Booth," she said rather closely, although the morning was hot lifelessly. "I have just taken her to and breathless. He held in his hand the station. She caught the eight- a small scrap of paper on which was written: "If I loved you less, I would He was at once solicitous. "No bad come to you now and lie to you. If news, I hope?" There was no thought | you love me, Brandon, you will let me in his mind that her absence was go my way. It is the only course. Sara is my friend, and she is yours. Be guided by her, and believe in my love for you. Hetty."

And now, as things go in fairy stories, we should prepare ourselves to see Hetty pass through a season in drudgery and hardship, with the ultimate quintessence of joy as the reward for her trials and tribulations. are some things more fantastic than fairy tales, if they are not spoiled in murder, was found to be wholly innothe telling. Hetty did not go forth to encounter drudgery, disdain and ob- handed to him and he walked out of loquy. By no manner of means! She "But yesterday, Soon after she came purpose ahead and a determined factor behind.

the intimate friend of Mrs. Challis ing your home?" he demanded, with Wrandall, as the cousin of the Murgat- have been paid for every day spent in royds, as the daughter of Colonel Cas- prison. That was the very least they She met his look without flinching. tleton of the Indian corps, as a per- could have done." son supposed to be possessed of in-"You-you criticised her? You took dependent means withal, she went, Hetty, "I have never thought of it with none to question, none to cavil.

Sara had insisted on this, as much Leslie Wrandall if she marries anyone | for her own sake as for Hetty's; she end. What would the world think, what would their acquaintances think, and above all what would the high and mighty Wrandalls think if she went with meek and lowly mien?

Why should they make it

for anyone to look askance? And so it was that she departed in state, with a dozen trunks and boxes; an obsequiously attended seat in the parlor car was here; a telegram in can't she be my wife? What is there her bag assured her that rooms were being reserved for herself and maid at the Ritz-Carlton; alongside it reposed a letter to Mr. Carroll, instructing him to provide her with sufficient funds to carry out the plan agreed upon; and in the seat behind sat the lady's maid who had served her for

a twelvemonth and more. The timely demise of the venerable Lord Murgatroyd afforded the most natural excuse for her trip to England The old nobleman gave up the ghost, allowing for difference in time, at the very moment when Mrs, Redmond Wrandall was undoing a certain package from London, which turned out to be a complete history of what his forbears had done in the way of propagation since the fourteenth century

Hetty did not find it easy to accom modate her pride to the plan which was to give her a fresh and rather imposing start in the world. She was to have a full year in which to determine whether she should accept toil and poverty as her lot, or emulate the symbolic example of Dicky, the canary bird. At the end of the year, unless she did as Dicky had done, her source of supplies would be automatically cut off and she would be entirely dependent upon her own wits and resources. In the interim she was a probationary person of leisure. It had required hours of persuasion on the part of his hands were wet, as with ice-water. Sara Wrandall to bring her into line with these arrangements.

"But I am able and willing to work for my living," had been Hetty's stubborn retort to all the arguments brought to bear upon her.

"Then let me put it in another light. It is vital to me, of course, that you should keep up the show of affluence for a while at least. I think I have made that clear to you. But here is another side to the matter; the question of recompense."

"Recompense?" cried Hetty sharply.

have been living under the shadow of He was there. She saw him from "If you love her, if you will be kind from you. I believe you to be absoing restitution?"

"You have condescended to believe

in me. That is all I ask." "True, that is all you ask. But is To illustrate: our criminal laws are restraint that had fastened itself upon guilty and he is sent to prison. Later could not, for the life of her, underlutely innocent. What does the state sides of the Atlantic at one and the do in the premises? It issues a formal same time, pardon-a mockery, pure and simpleand the man is set free. It all comes the five-day boats." he was saying. to a curt, belated apology for an error recompense is offered. He is merely pardoned for something he didn't do. a glow she could not suppress. "It it! It is the same as if a man knocked

The state, which has wronged him, only makes everything harder for me. condescends to pardon him! Think of 1-1- Oh. I wish you had not come! another down and then said, before he "that I should be here and waiting for removed his foot from the victim's you! It is almost inconceivable. And ther was opposed to the system we from me, too. Oh, I have that much have-that all countries have-of par- of the tale from Sara, so don't look doning men who have been unjustly so hurt about it." condemned. The innocent victim is pardoned in the same manner as the peated, her lip trembling, guilty one who comes in for clemency. I accept my father's contention that an innocent man should not be shamed and humiliated by a pardon. The court which tried him should reopen the case and honorably acquit him of the crime. Then the state should pay to this innocent man, dollar for dollar, all that he might have earned dur-Happily, this is not a fairy tale. There joining state a man, who had served seventeen years of a life sentence for cent. What happened? A pardon was prison, broken in spirit, health and went with a well-filled purse, a definite purse. His small fortune had been wiped out in the futile effort to prove his innocence. He gave up seventeen In a manner befitting her station as years of his life and then was pardoned for the sacrifice. He should

> "I see now what you mean," mused in that way before.

"Well, it comes to this in our case, Hetty: I have tried you all over again in my own little court and I have acquitted you of the charge I had against you. I do not offer you a silly pardon. You must allow me to have my way in this matter, to choose my own means of compensating you for-" "You saved my life," protested Het- able."

ty, shaking her head obstinately. "My dear, I appreciate the fact that you are English," said Sara, with a weary smile, "but won't you please see

the point?" Then Hetty smiled too, and the way was easier after that for Sara. She gained her quixotic point, and Hetty went away from Southlook feeling that no woman in all the world was so be-

wildering as Sara Wrandall. When she sailed for England, two days later, the newspapers announced that the beautiful and attractive Miss Castleton was returning to her native land on account of the death of Lord Murgatroyd, and would spend the year on the continent, where probably she would be joined later on by Mrs. Wrandall, whose period of mourning and distress had been softened by the constant and loyal friendship of "this exquisite Englishwoman."

Four hundred miles out at sea she was overtaken by wireless messages from three persons.

Brandon Booth's message said: "I am sailing tomorrow on a faster ship than yours. You will find me waiting for you on the landing stage." Her heart gave a leap to dizzy heights, and, try as she would, she could not crush it back to the depths in which it had dwelt for days.

The second bit of pale green paper contained a cry from a most unexpectdress. S. refuses to give it to me. I tones. think I understand the situation. We at last." It was signed "Leslie."

will come seven years of plenty."

waking hours but her dreams were all "Without your knowing it, I have hours. During the day she intermit on in virtually held you a prisoner all these tently hoped and feared that he would me?"

"Good heavens, how could you doubt | months, condemned in my own judg- | be on the landing stage. In any event, | ment if not in the sight of the law. she was bound to find unhappiness. She shook her head sadly. "To an I have taken the law unto myself. You If he were there her joy would be swer you I would have to reveal the were not convicted of murder in this short-lived and blighting; if he were secret that makes it impossible for unitarian court of mine, but of an not there, her disappointment would

a crime you did not commit. I was the deck of the tender as they edged "Perhaps not, but it is fair to her, reserving complete punishment for up to the landing. His tall figure you in the shape of an ignoble mar- loomed in the front rank against the riage, which was to have served two rail that held back the crowd; his bitter ends. Well, I had the truth sun-bronzed face wore a look of eager expectancy; from her obscured posilutely innocent of the charge I held tion in the shadow of the deck buildthe question very delicately. over you, for which I condemned you ling, purposely chosen for reasons only without a hearing. Then, why should too obvious, she could even detect the I not employ my own means of mak- alert, swift-moving scrutiny that he fastened upon the crowd. relatives who-"

Later on, he stood looking down into her serious blue eyes; her hands were lying limp in his. His own eyes altogether the fair way out of it? were dark with earnestness, with the less kind to the innocent than to the him. Behind her stood the respectful guilty. Our law courts find a man but immeasurably awed maid, who on, he is found to be innocent-abso- stand how a man could be on both

"Thank the Lord, Hetty, say I, for

"You should not have come, Branon the part of justice. No substantial don," she cried softly, and the look of misery in her eyes was tinged with

"But isn't it wonderful?" he cried. neck: 'I pardon you freely.' My fa- you were in the act of running away "I am so sorry you came," she re

Noting her emotion, he gave her

hands a fierce, encouraging pressure and immediately released them. "Come," he said gently; "I have booked for London. Everything is ar-

ranged. I shall see to your luggage. Let me put you in the carriage first.' As she sat in the railway carriage waiting for him to return, she tried ing his term of imprisonment, with an in a hundred ways to devise a means additional amount for the suffering he of escape, and yet she had never loved has endured. Not long ago in an ad- him so much as now. Her heart was sore, her desolation never so complete

> as now. He came back at last and took his seat beside her in the compartment, fanning himself with his hat. The maid very discreetly stared out of the window at the hurrying throng of travelers on the platform.

"How I love you, Hetty-how I adore you!" Booth whispered passionately.

"Oh, Brandon!" "And I don't mean to give you up," he added, his lean Jaw setting hard. "You must-oh, you must," she cried

iserably. "I mean it, Bran "What are your plans?" asked he. "Please don't ask me," she pleaded. You must give it up, Brandon. Let

me go my own way." "Not until I have the whole story from you. You see I am not easily thwarted, once I set my heart on a thing. I gathered this much from Sara: the object is not insurmount-

"She-said-that?" "In effect, yes," he qualified. "What did she tell you?" demanded Hetty, laying her hand on his arm.

"I will confess she didn't reveal the secret that you consider a barrier, but she went so far as to say that it was



He Stood Looking Down Into Her rious Blue Eyes.

very dark and dreadful," he said lighted source: "Cable your London ad- ly. They were speaking in very low "When I planed her down to it, she added that it did not in any want to make amends for what you sense bear upon your honor. But have had to put up with during the there is time enough to talk about this year. She has shown her true nature later on. For the present let's not discuss the past. I know enough of From Sara came these cryptic your history from your own lips as words: "For each year of famine there | well as what little I could get out of Sara, to feel sure that you are All the way across the Atlantic she in a way, drifting. I intend to look lived in a state of subdued excitement. after you, at least until you find your-Conflicting emotions absorbed her self. Your sudden break with Sara has been explained to me. Leslie of one complexion: rosy and warm Wrandall is at the back of it. Sara and full of a joyousness that dis- told me that she tried to force you hours. During the day she intermit- on the other hand, was it quite fair to to keep your mind off the food "-

"Yes, it was most fair," she said, compressing her lips. He frowned.

'We can't possibly be of the same opinion," he said seriously. "You wouldn't say that if you knew

verything." "How long do you intend to stay in

London?" "I don't know. When does this train

arrive there?" "At four o'clock, I think, Will you go to an hotel or to friends?" He put

She smiled faintly. "You mean the Murgatroyds?" "Your father is here, I am informed. And you must have other friends or

"I shall go to a small hotel I know near Trafalgar square," she interrupted quietly. "You must not come there to see me, Brandon."

"I shall expect you to dine with me at-say Prince's this evening," was, his response to this.

She shook her head and then turned to look out of the window. He sat back in his seat and for many miles, with deep perplexity in his eyes, studied her half-averted face. The old uneasiness returned. Was this obstacle, after all, so great that it could not be overcome?

They lunched together, but were singularly reserved all through the meal. A plan was growing in her brain, a cruel but effective plan that made her despise herself and vet contained the only means of escape from an even more cruel situation.

He drove with her from the station to the small hotel off Trafalgar square. There were no rooms to be had. It was the week of Ascot and the city was still crowded with people who awnited only the royal sign to break the fetters that bound them to Lon-Somewhat perturbed, she aldon. lowed him to escort her to several ho tele of a like character. Failing in each case, she was in despair. At last she plucked up the courage to say to him, not without constraint and

embarrassment: "I think, Brandon, if you were to allow me to apply alone to one of these places I could get in without much trouble. "Good Lord!" he gasped, going very

"I'll try the Savoy," she said quick ly, and then laughed at him. His face was the picture of distress, "I shall come for you tonight at

red with dismay. "What a fool I-

eight," he said, stopping the taxi at once. "Goodby till then." He got out and gave directions to the chauffeur. Then he did a very strange thing. He halled another taxi and, climbing in, started off in the wake of the two women. From a point of vantage near the corridor leading to the "American bar," he saw Hetty sign her slips and move off toward the left. Whereupon, seeing that she was quite out of the way, he

asked for accommodatons, "Nothing left, sir,"

"Not a thing?" "Everything has been taken for weeks, sir. I'm sorry." "Sorry, too. I had hoped you might have something left for a friend who

approached the manager's office and

expects to stop here-a Miss Castle "Miss Castleton has just applied We could not give her anything."

"Fortunately we could let her have rooms until eight this evening. We were more than pleased to offer them to her for a few hours, although they are reserved for parties coming down from Liverpool tonight." Booth tried the Cecil and got a most

undesirable room. Calling up the Savoy on the telephone, he got her room. The maid answered. She informed him that Miss Castleton had just that instant gone out and would not return before seven o'clock. "I suppose she will not remove he

trunks from the station until she finds a permanent place to lodge," he inquired. "Can I be of any service?" "I think not, sir. She left no word sir.

He hung up the receiver and straightway dashed over to the Savoy, hoping to catch her before she left the hotel. Just inside the door he came to an abrupt stop. She was at the news and ticket booth in the lobby, closely engaged in conversation with the clerk. Presently the latter took up the telephone, and after a brief con versation with some one at the other end, turned to Hetty and nodded his head. Whereupon she nodded her own adorable head and began the search for her purse. Booth edged around to an obscure spot and saw her pay for and receive something in return. "By Jove!" he said to himself

amazed. She passed near him, without seeing him, and went out into the court. He watched her turn into the Strand. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Purpose Doubtful, "I'm puzzled about this custom eating to music."

"How's that?" "I can't understand whether the tressed her vastly when she recalled to marry him. I think you did quite food is intended to keep your mind them to mind in the early morning right in going away as you did, but, off the music or the music is intended



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